THE BOOBY PRIZE.

Stefano Gonzales was a young Spaniard who had come to the United States to go into business. He had not decided just what that business should be, but in the meantime he occupied himself by seeing the country and studying the social customs. It was not long before he gained an especially good knowledge of progressive euchre and of the german. His opportunities for the pursuit of these branches of education were excellent, and he did not allow his ignorance of colloquial English to interfere with his progress in them. In some other departments of social life he would have been at a disadvantage had he not adopted the habit of listening very little and talking a good deal. For conversational purposes he made a compromise between English and his own language by practically speaking neither. He could not express himself in English, and he was not understood when he spoke Spanish. He therefore took refuge in French, with some little Italian, and when the subject permitted, he was fond of using such German phrases as he had acquired in his study of music. It gave him a sense of equality when he established an intelligent understanding with an American on the basis of German, such as might be felt in meeting an antagonist on neutral ground, and the less the American knew, the better Stefano felt.

He took lessons in English from a pretty blond widow, with whom he also played euchre and danced the german; and with her he spoke in Spanish, so as to make return in kind for the education he was receiving. She gave him much information, always in English, and he paid her eloquent compliments in his own language, and they professed to perfectly understand each other, scorning the idea of an interpreter. It was said that they gossiped and told each other secrets. They certainly entertained themselves.

There was, however, one mode of expression in which Stefano was master. He was a most delightful singer, with a baritone voice as sweet and penetrating as the perfume of the grape blossom. The widow never tired of his songs, but it seemed the one flaw that she could not play his accompaniments for him. He had tried to sing to her playing, but her time was so unbending, so perfectly exact, that she drove him wild.

"I want freedom," he would exclaim, in his foreign languages. "I do not wish to count my time when I sing 'Adelaide,' nor to think I am marching when I sing a love song of Andalusia."

"'Adelaide!'" repeated the widow, and began to play the opening bars; but Stefano lightly laid his hand on hers, and said in soft Castilian:

"No, no; you do not understand how that should go."

She laughed. "It is too long, I know," she replied.

Fortunately for the group of friends, Stefano was perfectly willing to sing if Hilda Fleming played for him. She was always willing to do this. It rested her, she said. How this could be some of the circle wondered, because Hilda was a music teacher, and certainly heard enough of the piano. Mrs. Lyons, the widow, explained it by saying that Hilda was a homoeopathist.

The sociable to which they all belonged, and which gave Stefano his educational advantages, was rather curious in its composition. It was made up by two entirely different sets of people, who rarely met at any other time. One set, the larger of the two, was strictly professional and medical, being composed of doctors and their wives, one woman doctor, and the young man she was engaged to marry. The others were rather more on the butterfly order, the party consisting of Mrs. Lyons, her sister, Mrs. Arnold, Mr. Arnold, Hilda, Stefano and a young, handsome American named Gregory. They all met every two weeks at different houses, and, under Gregory's administration, had very good times. The only discontented member of the party, indeed, was Gregory himself. It was through his influence that the sociable had taken just the form it had, and now he regretted it. What he would have liked would have been long games of whist with Hilda for a partner, or a never-ending waltz in which her steps should keep time with his own. As things were he never had any satisfaction with her. If they were together at a table, they were victims to a swift game, and were at once separated. He had ill fortune in the german, in which Stefano soon distinguished himself as a leader, and he even had no chance in walking home with the young lady. It was one of Mrs. Lyons' little fancies to take Hilda's arm in preference to that of any one else, because Hilda was just the right size, and she also could pinch her whenever she was vexed with the others. In this way the order of procession soon established itself: First walked Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, and then Mrs. Lyons and Hilda, with Stefano and Gregory bringing up the rear. Sometimes the young men would courageously walk with the ladies, though Gregory declared that he had to step behind so often to make room for passers that it made him feel like a "hill horse"; but when Stefano was absent he didn't seem to mind it so much. When he railed over the narrow pavements Stefano would tell him that he ought to go to Spain and spend a year in Toledo, for then New York would seem like a prairie to him. To this Gregory rather rudely replied that his own country was good enough for him.

Stefano worried Gregory. For one thing, Gregory had introduced him to the sociable, and was considered his intimate friend. Stefano was even invited to houses as a compliment to Gregory, and this was not made better by the fact that wherever he was thus introduced he was afterward made welcome for his own sake, and so established. And thus wherever he went Gregory had to serve as Stefano's interpreter. He used to wish the Spaniard spoke only his own language. Gregory did not understand that. Even his fragmentary conversations with Hilda were apt to resolve into repeating to her what Stefano wanted her to know. If he had not been so honest he might have made some revenges for himself, but he did not; he translated into bold English all the Spaniard's florid phrases, and hoped they would finally disgust her.

If Stefano had not been going to Florida in March, Gregory would have been desperate, but this prospect upheld him. And he had a scheme which promised to compensate him. He saw in his dreams a beach by the sea—a level beach with the tide low, and the moon shining on it. The air was crisp, but not chilly; the boom of the waves sounded on his very ear. He saw himself walking on this beach, and with him was Hilda. Stefano was in an orange grove or on a coral reef, he cared not which so that he was not on the beach. Nor did he dream of seeking the widow there. Hilda and he were alone. There was no changing of partners, no translation of silly speeches from silly polyglot. They were alone; they spoke in English, and no one interrupted.

To carry out his scheme the co-operation of some of the others was necessary, and so he urged it on them. It was simply to spend Easter week at a certain hotel at the seashore.

"It is the quietest place in the world, but really aristocratic. It is ever so much better than Point Prudence," he said, "and, although only five miles off, it has many advantages over the point. The bathing is far better, smoother and safer."

"I never bathe in Easter week, except in a tub," said Arnold. "Do you pass, Gregory?" for they were playing cards.

"Pass! No; I'll order it up. Now, Miss Hilda," and he looked brightly over at his partner. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained, you know."

"I'll do the venturing," replied Hilda; and being third in hand, followed suit, playing very low.

Gregory took no notice of this loss of a trick. "Of course we don't expect ocean bathing," he continued; "but you will want to go there again. I always think of that in going to a new place. It isn't so much one's enjoyment the first time, but the practical knowledge one gains. It helps you in making up your mind the next time—adds another bead to your rosary, as it were."

"Euchred," said Arnold.

"Now, isn't that just my luck?" exclaimed Gregory; "and I hadn't a bad hand either. And then," he continued, although he was now at another table, and had to look over his shoulder to address Arnold, "it is such a comical idea, this clubbing arrangement, and not a bad one either. It works well all around, helps fill up the hotel, and provides you with company of your own choosing."

"We do not all get our board free," said the widow.

"No, of course not. Only the one who gets up the club, or—and this is the best plan—a club can invite a guest instead. Four of us could take one extra person, and eight of us two, and so on. It is what might be called the hospital plan. No one is at extra expense, no one under obligations. You have just the same rates, the same rooms, the same board, as a member of a club, that you would have if you went alone, but there is the extra guest. You can go as a third story party or a first floor. It is share and share alike. No one knows which is guest and which one pays, so there is no discrimination. I call it a capital plan."

"You are sure it is a good house? Well kept?"

"First rate. Oh, come now, Mrs. Lyons! I know I won't get the booby prize. I am not playing for prizes to-night. If I were I should not try for that."

"You must have them strung up like scalps around a wigwam, Gregory. Tell us how many have you got?"

"One for each tally card?" asked the widow.

Gregory laughed mysteriously. "I am going to play for a prize," he said, "and I am going to get it. What kind of a prize it will be you shall judge when you see it."

Thus far Gregory's little scheme had worked fairly. He had interested the party, and had almost persuaded the Arnolds to promise to go. The widow needed no persuasion. She wanted solitude, she said, so as to practice her Spanish, and she was from the first on Gregory's side. To Hilda he said very little. This was the delicate and difficult part of the matter. He was quite sure that she could not afford the holiday, and he knew she would not accept the position of guest unless the affair was managed with great delicacy.

"If I appear in it—if I propose inviting her," he said to himself, "she is so shy, so proud, that she will refuse at once. I must suggest, but I must never say it."

To this subtle and embarrassing task he thus addressed himself. He talked as if both Stefano and Hilda were going; he suggested that he himself might be invited as "guest." He did all that he could to show that the position was most honorable and desirable. He spoke of the rest, of the exhilaration in the air, of leaving the city behind, and yet living in a friendly circle. What were they not to do at Coast Cove! He bought books to read there; he collected photographs and games for the one rainy day they were to have, and finally sent Hilda a volume of poems, on the fly leaf of which was written, "Coast Cove, Easter week, 1883." After a time his persistence persuaded them all that they were going, and they fell into the habit of discussing their plans before they were really aware that they had seriously formed any.

Stefano took but little interest in all this English talked around him. He lived in his lagoon of French and Italian, and the outside waves did not disturb him. His plans for Florida did not please him as the time for leaving drew near, but he promised himself that he could soon see all of the south that he cared for, and he would speedily return. In the mean time he devoted himself to talking to Mrs. Lyons and practising with Hilda. He shrugged his shoulders at the idea of the northern sea coast in March, and told them that he prefered thinking of them as at home.

When the second week in March came, Gregory had a summons to Chicago, and had to leave New York at once.

"It is the most unfortunate thing," he said, "but I have written to the Coast Cove house and made provisionary arrangements. Arnold can see how they suit. I have a copy of my letter for him. I will certainly get back during the week and will join you there. I have said that there will be at least a club of four and a guest."

"But the guest? Whom are we to invite?" inquired Mrs. Lyons, gayly.

Gregory hesitated. It was a breathless moment to him. He did not dare to look at Hilda. He did not dare to mention her, nor yet to pass her name over. If she did not go the sea would be only a howling wilderness of waves. He looked at Mrs. Lyons; there was a world of entreaty in his eyes. Surely, surely she must know who ought to be the guest!

"We have had so pleasant a winter together, our party ought not to be broken now. No one has so much influence as you. You choose the guest, make up the party, Mrs. Lyons, and if persuasion fails, try coercion." Then he laughed, his handsome face flushing. "A great deal may hang on this. Let us do unto others——"

"I see!" cried the widow; "you are a wicked fellow. But I see through it all. You may depend on me, and the party shall be to your mind."

"Are we limited to four?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"Leave it to me," replied the widow; "I have made my plans. I know just how to manage it: I know just what we want. But you, Gregory—oh, I shall envy Chicago every day that she keeps so charming a schemer from us," and then she arose and swept Gregory the lowest of bows.

"How well her Spanish comes on!" said Hilda. "She puts it in English, to be sure, but she thinks in the noble language of compliment, and to think in a language is a great proof of progress in it."

The widow's eyes sparkled as she looked at Hilda.

"Don't you rail at Gregory," she said; "I am his friend for life."

And so the matter rested, and Gregory went to Chicago, relying on Mrs. Lyons' discernment and management. But once in the west, the stars seemed to fight against him, and he was delayed day after day. Handsome, young, and successful, he was feted and feasted, but his impatience to leave made everything distasteful to him. His eyes only saw a lonely beach, and a girl standing there and waiting.

Once free, steam hardly flew fast enough for him, and indeed he might be pardoned, as it was Thursday after Easter when he reached Coast Cove. It was night when the cars drew into the station, and he went direct to the beach.

Down on the sands stood a gay little lookout with a high flight of steps, and Gregory sat down on them in the shadow, calm, although so eager.

It was very sweet. It would seem as natural to Hilda as to him when he came out of the darkness and shook her hand. As he sat there, dreaming yet patient, he saw two figures coming down the beach. It was the lady doctor and the young man she was engaged to marry. He did not disturb his soul by greeting them, and they passed on, not seeing him. By and by Arnold came with his wife. They were silent, and Gregory let them go on and disappear in the darkness.

The ocean lapped the shore, a breeze came up, though gently, and the stars shone brighter. Then sweetly, suddenly, came the breath of a song. It was almost out of the waves, almost a part of them. The words smote on Gregory's ear. They were Italian:

And nightingales recall thee, Adelaide! Adelaide!

He sprang to his feet, and toward him Hilda came. She seemed to come, not along the beach as the others had, but from the very edge of the sea, as if she had arisen from it; and her hand was on Stefano's shoulder, and his arm was around her, and he sang to her what Gregory would have said.

As they turned and followed the others the song ceased, and all was silence again except the sea.

Gregory stood still. He was stunned. He felt as though he had been struck on the head. Hilda and Stefano! The Spaniard! In his dreams of the sea and of Hilda, the Spaniard had been in Florida. He pushed his hat back on his head, and rubbed his forehead with his handkerchief. Just then he heard voices again. It was the doctor returning.

"It has not dragged, I allow," she said; "but every one has seen it was coming."

"But it is absurd," replied the young man. "They do not understand each other. He does not speak English, and she understands no other language. It is perfectly, ridiculously absurd."

The doctor merrily laughed. "When a young man can make Beethoven talk for him, and can sing Spanish love songs as Stefano Gonzales can, he can make himself understood. Hilda Fleming has been bravely wooed."

"Nonsense! I never heard anything more ridiculous."

"And you have never seen it at all? Morris! I am ashamed of you. Why, we have all watched it with zest."

"And Mr. Gregory? How about him, Ellen? How about him? What will he say?"

"He will be delighted. He is so fond of the Spaniard. Why, he proposed that the whole sociable should come. Mrs. Arnold told me about it, and trouble enough she had to arrange it on such short notice. And, Morris, I couldn't tell you this before, because Stefano hadn't said, or, if you like it better, sung, anything decided; it is a four-leaf clover party, a four-lover party—we four, Hilda and Stefano, you and I, are the guests. How I wish Gregory would come now!"

"A guest!" exclaimed Morris. "Not I, indeed! I don't deadhead it at a hotel, Ellen. And I tell you"—he spoke with conviction—"that Gregory won't like it! You see if he does!"

"He will be delighted."

"'Delighted!'" repeated the young man. "It is a first-class euchre, Ellen. 'Delighted!' Well, you *are* blind!"

"Morris," cried the doctor, turning and almost facing the unseen and horrified Gregory, whose face would have made the fortune of a photographer could it have been seen, "you deserve the booby prize! Indeed you do."

"Well, I shall not get it," her lover grimly replied. "It is given away, but not to me."

In the darkness Gregory pushed his hat down over his eyes. "Idiot!" he muttered, but he did not explain to whom the title belonged. —Louise Stockton in Harper's Bazar.

A Public Execution in France.

France still believes in the deterrent influence of public executions. On the 11th of this month the western suburbs of Paris organized a perfect fete champetre to witness the decapitation of the murderer Janot, alias Jean Tappan. For nearly a mile the avenues leading to the place of execution were lined with newsboys and cake venders; every shade tree sheltered a group of excursionists, arranging the contents of their picnic baskets and congratulating each other on the favorable state of the weather. The approach of the executioner's cart was hailed with acclamations that would have gratified the ambition of a popular matador. Whoops, cheers and all sorts of cynic gibes mingled with the huzzahs, and all voices joined in a yell of applause when the condemned arose in his cart and doffed his cap with a facetious smile.

Of course he had to make a speech. For a minute or two the crowd gave him a fair chance by keeping their peace, but then the whoops broke forth uncontrollably, and the pathos of the concluding sentence was rewarded by a crash of applause that seemed to elate the soul of the doomed man, for he waved his hand and smilingly met his fate—a very ugly fate. By some misarrangement of the guillotine the gory head missed the basket and carromed across the scaffold into the dust of the street. The French dislike botchwork, and the picnic ended with a charivari of catcalls.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

An Ironmaster's Shrewd Contrivance.

A wealthy ironmaster in the north of England, whose house and works are dazzlingly illuminated by the electric light, has adopted an ingenious contrivance, by which he may glean some information as to what goes on during his not infrequent absence from home. In several of his rooms and in his offices there is a concealed apparatus in the walls, consisting of a roll of Eastman paper and a train of clockwork. Every hour a shutter is silently opened by the machinery, and an instantaneous photograph is taken of all that is going on in the room. On the great man's return he delights to develop these pictures, and it is said that they have furnished some very strange information indeed. One clerk, who received his dismissal somewhat unexpectedly, and boldly wanted to know the reason why, was horrified when shown a photograph in which he was depicted lolling in an easy chair, with his feet upon the office desk, while the clock on the mantelpiece points to an hour at which he ought to have been at his busiest. The servants' party in the best dining room furnished another thrilling scene.—Court Journal.

The Memoirs of Gen. Fremont.

The "Memoirs of Gen. John C. Fremont," which is now preparing for the press, will comprise ten large octavos of over 600 pages each and promises to be intensely interesting. The book is a joint production, although "Jessie Benton Fremont" appears as the author. The general, with a great array of documents, journals and memoranda, many of them yellow with age, dictates, or rather narrates, and Mrs. Fremont writes. Beginning in the early morning, the general and his wife are at work until the middle of the afternoon. During these hours no friend intrudes. At 4 o'clock they go out and drive, returning to dine at 6. The evening is spent in social recreation. Not later than 10 they retire. The forthcoming work, which will be elegantly illustrated, will let in a good deal of light on the national events of the last thirty years, and will, as to some of them with which Gen. Fremont was identified, compel a modification of existing opinions.—Frank Leslie's.

A DECCAN HUNTING SONG.

The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hope throughout the day.
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see.

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Stout heart and eagle eye,
Doth he require who would aspire
To see the wild boar die.
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next gray boar we see.

We envy not the rich their wealth,
Nor kings their crowned career;
The saddle is our throne of health,
Our scepter is the spear;
Nor envy we the warrior's pride,
Deep stained with purple gore,
For our field of fame's the jungle's side,
Our foe the grim gray boar.

When age hath weakened manhood's powers,
And every nerve unbraced,
The joys of youth shall still be ours,
On memory's tablets traced;
And with the friends whom death hath spared,
When youth's bright course is run,
We'll tell the dangers we have shared
And the spears that we have won.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

MAKING WINE FROM RAISINS.

Where the Grapes are Grown—Preparation of the Wine.

The manufacture of wine from dry raisins has since the invasion of the French vineyards by the phylloxera made wonderful progress, for while ten years ago, when only required for table purposes, the importers of raisins and currants did not exceed 6,000 or 7,000 tons a year, the total for the last three or four years has averaged 65,000 tons, this being considered equivalent to 250,000 tons of fresh grapes. The greater part of these raisins and currants came from Turkey and Greece, as Spain and Italy, the only other countries which export them, send but 4,000 or 5,000 tons of the whole. English ship owners have secured part of this carrying trade, and a considerable quantity of the raisins from Greece and Turkey reach France via London. The raisins which are sent to Marseilles from Asia Minor are of the black varieties, but the Corinth raisins, which are known in England as "currants," are the best, as they do not contain any pips, while the crop is so large that it often reaches nearly a ton per acre.

The mode of drying the fruit varies very much, for in Turkey and Greece the bunches of grapes are simply laid on the ground and the sun is allowed to dry them. They are then scooped up with a shovel, no pains being taken to remove the sand and gravel which has accumulated. In Spain the bunches are not exposed to the air until they have been passed through boiling water mixed with ashes, this being the method in special favor at Malaga. In many vineyards of the Greek archipelago the grapes are allowed to dry up on the vine, after the end of the stem has been twisted so as to prevent the sap ascending. The average price of these raisins is five cents per pound, and the duty is only sixty-two cents per 100 in France.

The preparation of the wine made from these raisins is not at all an elaborate business, for, as M. Boussingault points out in a recent report to the minister of agriculture, all that is necessary is to put the raisins into a vat filled with water at a temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit, there being fifty-five gallons of water to every hundredweight of raisins. A small quantity of sugar is sometimes added to quicken the fermentation. This fermentation soon occurs, and generally lasts for a week or so, at the end of which period the liquid is drawn off and the wine is made. As a rule it is of a very pale color, and when it is deemed desirable to make it look like ordinary table wine it is mixed with some very dark Spanish wine. These wines contain from 7 to 10 per cent. of alcohol, but they have very little tannin and do not keep long. The liquor thus made is pronounced by M. Boussingault to be perfectly wholesome, possessing many of the properties of wine made from the juice of the fresh grape, and to be infinitely preferable to the mixtures, most of them very deleterious, sold as genuine wine.—Chicago Times.

Cured by Imagination.

"Do you believe in the mind cure?" I asked Dr. Swan.

"Well, the mind cure is adopted very often by the medical profession, and it is a very valuable aid to doctors sometimes. I had a patient once, a lady of nervous temperament, who had for a long time suffered from restlessness, nervousness, sleeplessness and many other lestnesses. There was nothing really the mater with her; her trouble was in the imagination. I could not cure her at all. At last one evening I said to her: 'Now, I never like to give morphine or any form of opium. It is excessively dangerous, and only as a last recourse do I administer it. I have decided to administer it to you. I am a little nervous about the result, and you must be very careful in using it.' And I went to the faucet and drew a glass of water, and compounded with great care and seriousness a slightly colored mixture of which I had brought the materials. 'Here, take this teaspoonful,' I said. 'Now, if you don't get to sleep in half an hour, take another teaspoonful; if that does not work, wait an hour and try another; but don't take any more for two hours, because this is cumulative, and there's enough in this to kill the family. Please be very, very careful,' and I left her. Next day I called.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'I am so much better. The first teaspoonful did no good; so I took another, and that worked like a charm. I slept beautifully, and got up feeling infinitely better.'

"'I'm glad,' I said; 'you've had enough. I will throw the rest away, for it is excessively dangerous.' It was after a couple of years of good health I confessed to her that all in the world she had taken was a teaspoonful of brown sugar and water. She was so mad she almost fell sick again."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Air Ships are Probable.

It will be a notable step in human progress if the discovery of the application of electricity to motors shall solve eventually the great problem of flying machines. As a motor power that can be distinctly controled is the first fact, and as this motor power, therefore, cannot be the wind, and as buoyancy is absolutely indispensable, these two things have hitherto been the inconsistent conditions that made an air ship impossible. You could not carry up a steam engine and boilers and a cargo of coal; you can carry up a considerable quantity of stored electricity. —New York Mail and Express.

Native Americans as Sailors.

I notice among merchants down town and even among club men a disposition to express regret that while the cutter is manned by a selected crew of British seamen, the sloops are manned almost exclusively by Swedes. To me this condition of affairs seems something to be proud of. Certainly, no one should regret that times on shore are so good that native Americans are not forced to endure the hardships and humiliations of a sailor's life simply for the sake of earning the pittance which sailors receive.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is estimated by the Mendota *Reporter* that 13,000 people visited Barnum's Circus on the 14th inst.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.

TIME TABLE,

June 29th, 1886.

Going South. Pass. No. 71 B.	Going South. Pass. No. 69 B.	Dist. from Aurora.	STATIONS.	Dist. betw. Stations.	Going North. Pass. No. 70 B.	Going North. Pass. No. 72 B.
P. M. LV	A. M. LV				A. M. AR	P. M. AR
4.45	8.45		...Chicago...		10.30	6.50
5.14	10.23		...Aurora...		9.15	5.20
6.18	10.28	1	.West Aurora.	1	9.07	5.17
		3½	Fox Riv June	2½		
6.30	10.39	6½	...Oswego...	3	8.54	5.05
6.40	10.53	12½	..Yorkville...	6½	8.42	4.52
6.48	11.00	15½	....Fox....	3	8.34	4.44
6.54	11.06	19	..Millbrook..	3½	8.26	4.38
7.03	11.13	22½	.Millington..	3½	8.18	4.30
7.12	11.23	27½	..Sheridan...	5	8.08	4.19
7.22	11.33	32	...Serena...	4½	7.58	4.08
		34	...Blakes...	2		
7.30	11.42	35½	...Wedron...	1½	7.50	4.00
7.37	11.50	39½	...Dayton...	4	7.42	3.50
		43½	C.R.I.&P.Cr'g	3½		
7.50	12.02	44	OTTAWA	½	7.28	3.35
		44½	South Ottawa.	½		
		46½	..Side Track..	1½		
8.10	12.24	52½	.Grand Ridge.	6½	7.08	3.15
		56	...Richards...	3½		
8.30	12.45	60½	...Streator...	4½	6.50	3.00
P. M. AR	P. M. AR				A. M. LV	P. M. LV

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Earl, 4.20 P. M.; for Aurora, 10.05 A. M.; for Streator, 5.05 A. M., 5.05 P. M., and 10.05 A. M.

Morning train makes close connection at Aurora for all points east and west.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C. B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to

PERCIVAL LOWELL,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago

H. B. STONE,
General Manager Chicago.

GEO. E. ROE,
Agent at Ottawa

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 2, Pacific Express and Mail............ 10.58 A M
" 4, Night Express............ 3.05 A M
" 6, Kansas City Express............ 2.35 A M
" 8, Chicago and Davenport Accom............ 2.13 P M
" 10, Bureau Fast Accommodation............ 7.02 A M
" 12, St. Paul Express............ 11.20 A M

Freight Carrying Passengers.

" 26, ... 4.15 P M
" 30, ... 5.25 P M
" 28, ... 7.02 A M

GOING WEST.

No. 1, Atlantic Express............ 3.08 P M
" 3, Night Express............ 1.37 A M
" 5, Chicago and Kansas City Express............ 2.05 A M
" 7, Davenport Accommodation............ 12.40 P M
" 9, Bureau Fast Accommodation............ 8.00 P M
" 11, St. Paul Express, via Albert Lea............ 3.55 P M

Freights Carrying Passengers.

" 29, ... 10.25 A M
" 23, ... 2.30 P M

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. M. and leave Chicago at 4.45 P. M. daily (Sunday excepted).

Nos. 11 and 12 run daily, including Sundays.

No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.

No. 29 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salle, and No. 30 between La Salle and Joliet.

Nos. 23 and 28 carry passengers between Blue Island and La Salle.

R. R. CABLE, Gen'l Manager.

E. ST. JOHN,
Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt.

R. F. PRETTYMAN
Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad

On and after May 9, 1886, trains on the C. & A. R. R. pass Joliet as follows:

GOING NORTH.

K. C. and St. L. Express............ 5.15 A M
Lightning Express............ 5.50 A M
Joliet Accommodation............ 7.45 A M
Denver Express............ 12.20 P M
Express Mail............ 5.30 P M

GOING SOUTH.

Express Mail............ 10.15 A M
Denver Express............ 2.00 P M
Joliet Accommodation............ 6.35 P M
Lightning Express............ 10.35 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express............ 12.47 A M

Lightning Express, Denver Express, and Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily; Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS,
Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Illinois Central Railroad.

GOING NORTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger............ 1:27 A. M.
Passenger............ 11:42 A. M.
Accommodation............ 9:28 P. M.
Freight............ 12:25 A. M.
Freight............ 3:17 A. M.
Freight............ 1:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger............ 5:44 A. M.
Passenger............ 1:46 P. M.
Freight............ 12:30 [illegible]
Freight............ 9:40 [illegible]
Freight (goes no further)............ [illegible]:15 P. M.

S. P. MOORE,
Ticket Agent

W. L. LIGHTHART,
Freight Agent.